The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Viskniskki, 2nd Lieut. Inf., N.A.; Charles P. Cushing, 2nd Lieut. U.S.M.C.R.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.

Advertising: William K. Michael, 1st Lieut. Inf., U.S.R.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 4 francs for three months. To civilians, 5 francs for three months. All advertising contracts payable monthly.

Address all communications relating to advertising and all other business matters, except subscriptions, to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, 10, Rue Sainte-Anne, Paris, France.

Address all communications relating to text, art, and subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G.H.Q., A.E.F., France.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

ENJOYING OUR LEAVES

"Oo-la-la! This is France!" That is the impression which altogther too many men have had in mind upon their first arrival here. They have come over expecting to find a sort of international Coney Island, a universal pleasure resort. Because of the fame attached to Paris, because of the celebrity of certain watering places in the south, they have had the belief forced upon them that all France is a holiday ground, and that if a man does not make merry in France, and make merry loud, he is "missing something."

To be sure, France, with good weather permitting, is one of the finest holiday countries in the world. Also, France, undisturbed by war, is one of the most hospitable spots to be found anywhere for vacational purposes. But this "Oo-la-la" idea of France, if we may call it that, is distinctly erroneous. The American soldier about to go on leave in France cannot get it too quickly erased from his mind.

France is not now in the merry-making mood. France has been in mourning—mourning the loss of her bravest and wisest and best for the last three years and a half. She greets, with her brave smile of fortitude, each and every stranger that comes to her shores these days, but undue hilarity, undue familiarity, undue roisterousness, wearies the soul of France, which has these many months been fed on tragedy. She hopes that all who are here will enjoy themselves to the full in their leisure time. But they must not expect too much of her, must not think of her (as her enemies would have us think of her) as a "daughter of joy."

It has been said of foreign travel that a man gets out of it only as much as he puts into it. If he puts into it an earnest desire to learn the ways of other people, a sincere effort to get at the best of their civilization, he is repaid in kind. If he puts into it only his grosser animal self, he remains just the same gross animal that he was before. For the man anxious to build up treasure for the future—treasures of the mind and spirit which no one can take away—France holds out innumerable advantages. One may not be this way again in the course of a lifetime, so it is well to take advantage of such opportunities while they are near at hand.

Nobody, of course, expects the American soldier on leave to go about with a prayer-book neatly folded between his hands and a millstone hung about his neck. Far from it. He will be a better fighting man after his leave if he gives his body and mind a holiday and seeks the things such as outdoor exercise, reading and sightseeing that interest him without impairing his efficiency. The things that are expected of the A.E.F. man on leave are: That he conduct himself as a gentleman. That, like the knights of King Arthur's Round Table—whose spiritual successor, from the nature of his task, he most certainly is—he consider himself bound "to hold all women as sacred." That he allow himself to indulge in no excesses that will impair his efficiency as a member of one of Uncle Sam's combative units. One can have a bully good time in France—or anywhere else, for that matter—and still live up to those three cardinal principles.

France is not only one of the finest pleasure grounds on this planet—it is also holy ground. France has more than once—at Chalons, at Tours, at the Marne— "saved the soul of the world." The man who lets his vacation time go by without visiting some of the famous spots in France where world history has been made (and the history of his own country thereby materially altered) is certainly missing one of the most splendid opportunities of his life. And, from now on forever, the man who does not know France, "the best beloved of nations," is sure to be set down as a "lowbrow" indeed!

"DO YOUR DAMNEDEST"

Our British Allies, when they talk of "doing their bit," mean "doing the best that is in them"—giving their all. The traditional reticence and modesty of the Anglo-Saxon (so hard for many Americans to understand) makes them refer to it as "their bit." Unfortunately, too many people on the other side of the Atlantic we fear, taking that word "bit" at its literal value, have boasted of "doing their bit," giving their mite, when they ought to have been ashamed of its tininess.

This war cannot be won by peoples "doing their bit" if they mean only "bit" when they say "bit." It cannot be won by half measures of any sort. This war is not a nickel-in-the-plate-on-Sunday affair, nor a $5-for-residents-$3-for-non-residents affair, nor a sewing-class-twice-a-week affair. It is a war that demands every ounce of everyone's energy, every cent of everyone's surplus, every second of everyone's available time. Thinking of it in any other way is little less than stabbing in the back those men of ours who are lining the trenches in Lorraine, who are keeping the perilous vigil far out at sea.

"Do your bit"—with "bit" meaning "all"—is Britain's war slogan. America's should be:

"DO YOUR DAMNEDEST!"

NOT ALL ARE SLACKERS

The men of the A.E.F. have no use for slackers. The creatures (we cannot call them men) that deliberately shirk their obvious duty at this time are beneath our collective contempt. But, because we feel so strongly on the subject, we do not think it fair to brand as slackers those men who have honestly made the effort to be accepted for active service, and who, for physical or other reasons, have been denied the privilege of such service.

There are many such men back in the States, men who even went under the surgeon's knife that they might pass the Army or Navy tests, men who volunteered to give up all they had—business, leisure, home—only to be refused. The sight of khaki or navy blue on more fortunate men makes them wince to think that they, too, cannot wear it. Uncomplainingly they have set about the drudgery of raising money, of speeding supplies, of providing recreation for us, giving lavishly of their time and funds. It is unjust to call such men slackers.

Over here, too, there are many men in the allied non-combatant services who have been rejected for the Army itself, but who are putting all they have into their activity for the cause, the same cause as ours. Such men did not don their present uniform from first choice, but from second choice. They wanted to be where we are; but, being told they could not, they cheerfully took on what is oftentimes just as hazardous employment for the sheer desire of being somehow "in the game," of helping us somehow to win out in that game. They certainly cannot be classed as slackers.

Why cannot some sort of identifying badge, not too ornate or conspicuous, be granted to such men, upon their submission of proofs that they have actually tried to enter active service? It would free those of them in civilians' clothes from the slacker stigma; it would free those in non-combatant uniforms from the suspicion that they desired to "play safe." It would give honor to whom honor is due, and, if generally worn by those entitled to it, would do a great deal toward awakening the half-slackers to the obligations that their American citizenship demands that they fulfil.

PROUD AND GRATEFUL

Someday we will try to tell—not boastfully, but with pride and gratitude—the story of how team work and cheerful sacrifices in the way of time and elbow grease have set our little newspaper going along the road to success. We have called upon many in the A.E.F. to lend us a hand; not once have we been turned down. Everyone is overworked in these days, but from the Commander-in-Chief himself (the busiest of all—who found time to write us our first communication) down to Private No. 3, Rear Rank, everybody we have called upon has put his shoulder to the wheel. Our new Sporting Editor gives us his Sundays and such spare time after hours as is allotted to a Red Cross camion driver. M.P.s have turned to and trucked big rolls of paper after standing a night of guard duty. Couriers—but what's the use? All we have to say is, you're real sports, all of you, and THE STARS AND STRIPES is proud and grateful.

WAR'S UNKINDEST CUT

That great summer sport of rural American youth, known as "getting up early to see the circus come in," seems destined to go the way of all flesh. Railroad transportation in the States is being largely devoted to rushing supplies for the Army from the interior to the Atlantic seaboard, and, to conserve coal, many passenger trains have been severed from the schedules. The big shows, therefore, the big three ring affairs with the "gorgeous, glittering, gurgitating galaxy of exquisitely efficacious equestriennes" (as Tody Hamilton used to paint it), seem doomed to discontinuance, perhaps to demise. Under present traffic conditions, none but the little one ring affairs, capable of being compressed into a caravan of Henry Fords, dare venture abroad in the land.

Poor youngsters! Already the war has made heavy demands on them. They have "hooved" religiously on sweets, foregone the purchase of beatific marbles in order to buy thrift savings stamps and Liberty Bonds, and will be compelled to go to school this summer because there has been no coal for the schoolhouse stove this winter. In desperation, many of the boys have taken to knitting, and greater love for his country could no short-trousered kid exhibit than to devote himself to the pastime of the despised feminine gender.

And, now, no chance to get in free by lugging water for the elephants! An arid summer—pink lemonadeless, peanutless and pink tightless—stares young America in the face. Buffalo Bill has gone to his long rest; his cowpunchers have enlisted in the cavalry; his Indians have forsaken the tomahawk for the trench knife; his Cossacks have turned Bolhsevik. War with Austria-Hungary makes it treason to cross a gypsy's palm with silver. How is young America—and old America, which always used to go to the circus "just for the children's sake"—going to bear up under this, "the most unkindest cut of all?"

A FRIEND OF AMERICA

In the recent death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice at Ottawa, Canada, while on his way back to England after arduous duties well performed in the United States, America loses a real friend and an understanding admirer. First as Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington, and later as Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, he learned to know us and like us, and we to know and like him. Simple in his tastes, democratic in his views and bearing, possessed to an infinite degree of tact and of quiet humor, he was an ideal diplomat and gentleman. His work in aiding to bring about a sympathetic understanding between America and England will bear fruit for many years to come.

"TAISEZ-VOUS"

It means, "Keep your mouth shut." Always good advice, it is particularly good in time of war, especially when one considers that kind of enemy we are up against. "The night," write the poet, "has a thousand eyes." He might well have added, "and the Boche has a million ears."

Keep your knowledge of musketry, of signaling, of the contents of orders, of the location of units where it belongs—under your hat. Don't lose it. Not all the people who say "*je ne comprends pas*" so earnestly are telling the truth. Nor, to be on the safe side, are all the people who say, "I won't let it go any further."

If you were in a football team, and possessed of its code of signals, would you want that code to get into the hands of a rival eleven? Not much. If they had your signals, they could smear every play you started, provided they were anywhere near your equals in beef and speed. It's the same way in this war game. So, for the good of the only "All-American" team worthy of the name—"*taisez-vous!*"

"GAS—ALERT!"

America's war objects are perfectly clear. She is solidly united to Britain in opposition to the Continental policy in Europe and in Asia.—"Die Vossiche Zeitung."

If by "Continental policy" you mean the policy of slaughtering babies by wholesale in Europe and in Asia, then, Herr Editor, you are absolutely right.

• • • •

If the standardized suit becomes a burden to civilians, we can assure them that, if they are seeking variety, they will find plenty of it in the Army's socks.

• • • •

Warm weather in the States speeds up the moving of supplies for the Army. Warm weather in France slows up the moving of the Army on account of the mud. Given enough warm weather, therefore, the supplies and the Army ought to meet on some one of these fine days.

• • • •

In 1916 we were down on the Mexican border sabering the rattler; in 1918 we are up on the Lorraine border after the saber rattler.

• • • •

Camp Grant and Camp Dodge Hold Big Boxing Bout.—Headline.

We bet Camp Dodge was mighty spry on its feet.

• • • •

We might forgive Sweden for her alleged handing over of steel to the Boche if she would only furnish us with some sure-light Swedish matches. If we had them, we could just light our pipes and sit back in comfort while that Swedish steel went whizzing by.

• • • •

The way the Marines kick about having to wear the Army uniform, you'd think that the uniform consisted of boiled shirt, white vest, and clawhammer coat.

• • • •

To judge from reports emanating from the States, it costs a man more to keep up his coal cellar than his wine cellar.

• • • •

Mr. Baker also stated that the Navy plans to send over two tons of food and munitions for each man sent to France.—"News Dispatch."

With those frozen spuds counting as munitions, no doubt.

• • • •

"It's our cowboys and your East Enders who are the real pals. You'll see a Cockney with his arm around a man from Michigan or Tennessee." Irvin Cobb, as reported by a British journalist. Irv was probably referring to our cowboys from Battle Creek. Up there they ride vibratory horses. Or did he mean our Memphis steamboat busters?

• • • •

". . . and she comes to see him in the camp and finds him a proud American with a big chest, a sergeant saluting and saluted." —Mr. Cobb again.

We love our sergeants, Mr. Cobb; oh, yes, we do! But we save up our salutes for commissioned officers.

• • • •

Lloyd George, the British premier, has become a grandfather. Our congratulations! By the way, what has become of good Dr. Osler and his pet theory?

• • • •

There is a shortage of British and French tobacco, and the British and French are grumbling in consequence. Really, some people don't know when they're well off. Do you hear us complaining about that shortage?

• • • •

Nothing like that in army reporting . . . there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink teas, or—wonder of wonders—no Allied Bazaars.—From THE STARS AND STRIPES.

No, but there's a big show up front being staged for the benefit of the whole world.

THE LORD OF VILLAINY

Captain Kidd played the pirate game, but he played it on the square;
He never sunk ships with babes on board and let them founder there;
He did some hefty robbing, and his acting sure was crass,
But he never once resorted to the use of poison gas.

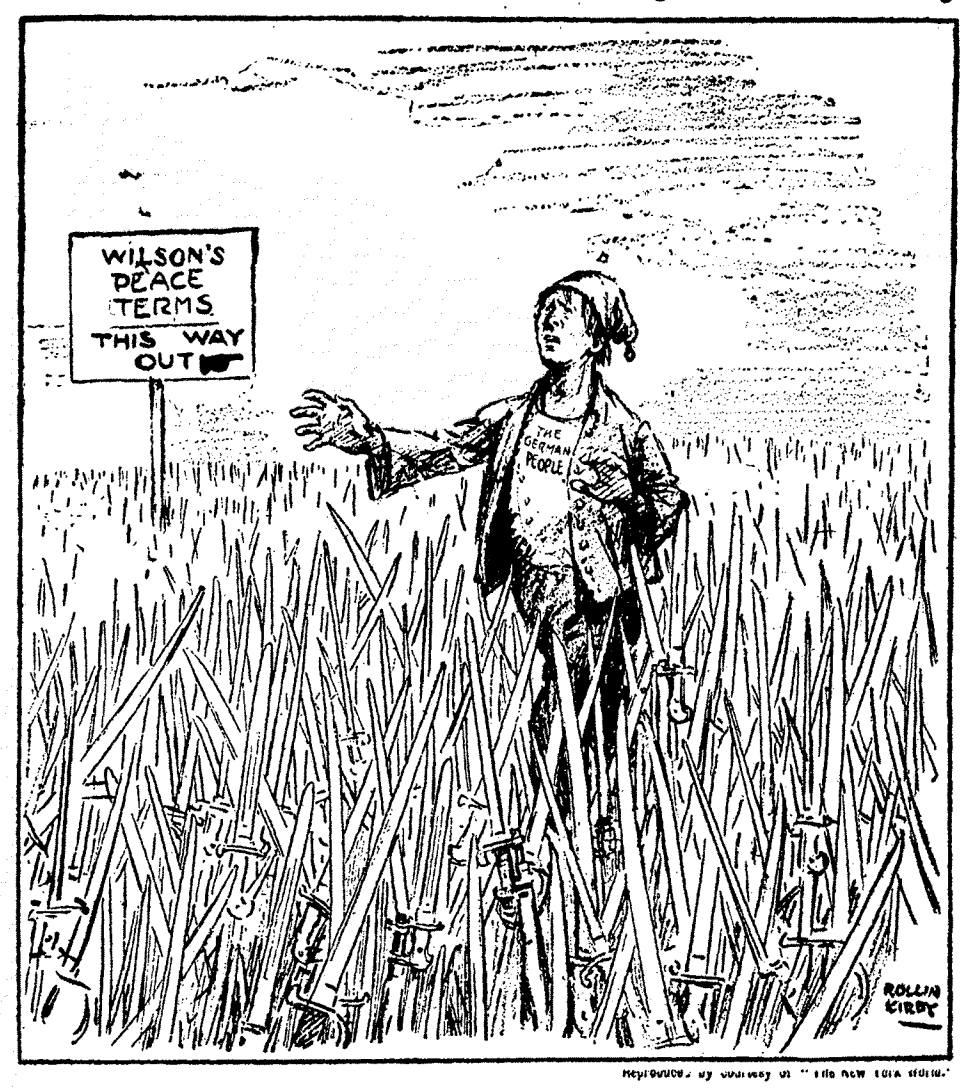
Robin Hood played the robber game, but he played it handsome, too;
He bled the fat and wealthy, but he let the poor right through.
He never took indemnities from those who were in need,
But rustic Robin had no chance to learn the Teuton creed.

Henry Morgan roamed the Main as a downright buccaneer,
He guzzled on Jamaica rum, and never stooped to beer;
He was a downright lowbrow, a roughneck, Heaven knows,—
But hist'ry doesn't say that Hank e'er crucified his foes.

Alexander (called the Great) set out to rule the world;
Against each peaceful nation his phalanxes were hurled.
"He saw and took"; but when he'd got the thing he most desired,
He didn't lie about it, and make honest people tired.

Villains they were of ancient days, each in his separate line,
But it remains for Wilhelm all their vices to combine
And add some new ones of his own—his crimes on land and sea
Have branded him forever as the Lord of Villainy.

WILL HE SEE IT? —By Rollin Kirby



Reproduced by courtesy of "The New York World."

IN THE LAND OF ADOPTION

By the time the legions of the National Army arrive in France and make their way from the base ports to the training areas, and from thence to the front, the portion of France over which they travel will have become pretty thoroughly Americanized. If they stick to the beaten highway and patronize the shops that flaunt signs in near and very painstaking English setting forth what they have to sell; if they rely on the Y.M. canteens and Q.M. stores for their tobacco and other necessaries; if they frequent any restaurants in towns where American troops have been quartered before, they will find but little use for the high school French they brushed up on, the eat-and-drink French they picked up from fashionable menus, the French-in-twenty-lessons they found time to sandwich in at their training camps. In fact, their first *Voulez-vous me donner des oeufs?* uttered with a broad Missouri accent after careful rehearsal with a phrase book, will nine times out of ten elicit the brisk reply: "Very well, mister! And how many eggs do you want?"

Ice cream parlors will face the new arrival on every hand. The ice cream, to be sure, will be more of the sherbert variety than the more oleaginous American kind, for milk is scarce in France and is supposed to be reserved for nursing children and for sick people. Still, it will be ice cream, selling at "Touentay cants, meestaire," instead of "un franc"; and that, to the newly arrived and homesick, is something indeed.

Clothing stores will be found to be carrying everything American, from socks up to toothbrushes. Military outfitters will be discovered to have laid in a stock of everything, from Sam Browne belts down to extra collar ornaments. Not a few tobacco stores, supplementing the canteens and the Q.M., will have cigarettes and cigars that may be smoked without danger of rupturing the great American palate. So it will be along the line.

The little boys one almost topples over as they run on their way to school (children always wait until the last minute before visiting the dreadful structure, just as they do at home) will call out "How doo you doo?" as they trot past, instead of the *Bon jour* of former days. Little girls will sidle up bashfully, curtsey, and ask, with wonderful precision. "Have you got any gum, if you please?" The pollus one passes along the road will holler out a friendly "————," thinking that it means "How are you, old top?"—as, uttered in the right mood and with a smiling countenance, it most assuredly does.

Madame, in whose loft one is billeted, will tell one where to get "straw," not *paille*. Monsieur will offer fragments, in mighty good English, out of his own experiences while fighting the Boche in 1870. Mademoiselle, sitting down at the piano, will regale one's musical ear not with "*Au Claire de la Lune*," "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*," and "*Les Cloches de Corneville*" but with "Over There," "Oh, Johnny," and "Where Do We Go From Here?"

The French officers assigned to give one the latest in twentieth century warfare will not have to call loudly for the *interprète* away at the other end of the line. They will tell the newcomer what's what, in good United States, and enable him to get on the job right from the start. The railroad people, when the newcomer finally achieves the dignity of a pass, will tell him, in a way that he can understand, just how to master the intricacies of the French time table.

What has brought about this astounding change in the customs and speech of the natives of the American occupied regions? Save in a few isolated instances along the coast, it is not due to the previous advent of the British and Canadians, for the American Army area is pretty well removed from that of his Majesty's forces. The slang one encounters is real middle West, or real New York, or a highly entertaining mixture of the two. It is not Cockney, or Scotch, or any other Britainnic patois; it is Americanese, put on solely for the Americans.

This change, this Americanization is due first of all, to the marvellous adaptability of the French, their eagerness to be of service, their innate, national sense of hospitality, their unfeigned delight at having us here. Old text books, relics of college and other days, have been hauled out of attics, and the owners, with bent brows, have set to work to master the English of Queen Victoria's day and to make it fit in with the lingo of the perplexing Americans. Children have been switched overnight from the study of Latin and Greek to take up the jougue of the more recent warriors, to be able to discourse of General Pershing instead of Cæsar, of Mr. Wilson rather than of Demosthenes.

Secondly, it is due, O you newcomers, to hard work on our part—work after hours of drill, in teaching little Pierre to count up to "feefty-fife" in English, in coaxing little Babette to say "Thank you" instead of *merci*, in answering Friend Pollu's "How you say '*fusil*' een Engleesh?" Not all of us have done it, for not all of us have had time, nor have all of us had enough French to start on; but those of us who have worked at it have worked well and hard, if we do say it ourselves; and even those of us (meaning a good many of us), who have simply blundered around, voicing our wants in plain United States and nothing else, have played no humble part in the missionary campaign; for, after we'd said a thing over often enough, the good and patient people we tried it on began to get our drift.

Take it all in all, the French met us more than half way, and we did our level best to come the rest of the way. In short, we find we have been Frenchified almost as much as our friends have become Americanized. We catch ourselves telling one another to *allez tout suite* instead of "get a gait on." We compute (though this is not for the captain's eyes) all our poker debts in francs and centimes.

At mess time, without thinking of it, we ask someone to shove along the *sel*, instead of the salt, the *beurre* instead of the butter—and we don't do it to show off, either. Did you ever hear of party manners in a mess shack? No; neither did we. It's just beginning to come natural to us, this language. We may be ragged at yet on the irregular verbs, which constitute the only known French atrocity, and we may be a bit uncertain on genders and declensions, but almost every one of us has a vocabulary that is a bear. You might say it's a baby bear, for it's growing every day.

Not only that, but when we seek restaurants as an alleviation against too much of the Army's grub—there can be too much of a good thing, you know—we don't hesitate a minute, but promptly proceed to carve up the hunk of bread handed to us as if we'd been doing it all our lives. We have learned to eat snails and like them—yes, and frog's legs! We are quite accustomed to having our vegetables served as a separate course, and we get no thrill of the unusual from sipping coffee out of a glass. Really, we fear that when we get home and start in to order a regular meal in a place where the waiter never heard of Lorraine (he thinks it's some kind of a drink, no doubt), we won't know how to act.

OPINIONS OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE

COMPETING AGAINST CIVILIANS

By the act of May 11, 1908, and the act of June 3, 1916, enlisted men, Army bands, and members thereof are forbidden from engaging in any competitive civilian employment. The implication is that they may engage in such employment if it does not interfere with the customary and regular engagement of local civilians in the respective arts, trades, or professions. Whether such interference will or does result is a question of fact, which is not to be settled by reference either to union labor alone or to non-union labor alone.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST CHAPLAINS

First Readers of the Christian Science Church are eligible to appointments as chaplains at large under the act of October 6, 1917, authorizing appointment from religious sects not recognized in the apportionment of chaplains now recognized by law.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY

There is but one Army of the United States, and every organization, bureau, officer, and man in the military service is part of it. The Inspector General's Department, as well as all other staff corps and departments, are to be reorganized out of the Army at large so that such departments may properly perform their ever increasing functions. The primary authority for providing the necessary staff officers in the increased establishment is not to be found in the use of reserve officers as such, but in the power to appoint necessary officers under the National Army act.

DEPOSITIONS IN COURTS MARTIAL

In trials for desertion in time of war the use of depositions on the part of the Government is not allowed. Hence trial judge advocates and convening authorities should, in determining the place of trial, bear in mind the expense of procuring witnesses; and the trial judge advocates should make careful investigation to determine whether a plea of guilty is to be entered and whether testimony of witnesses is reasonably necessary.

SOLDIERS AND CIVIL COURTS

In time of war the military authorities are not required to surrender to the civil authorities one subject to military jurisdiction and charged with a civil offense. It is recommended as a matter of policy that such surrender be not made, unless the offense charged is a most serious one and the charge is shown not to be without proper foundation and it appears that the accused will be accorded a fair trial without prejudice on account of his military status.

APPREHENDING DESERTERS

No greater sum than $50 can be paid for the apprehension and return of a deserter, although the expense of his return may exceed that amount. But there is no objection to the designation of a convenient place for receipt of deserters apprehended and delivered by civil authorities, and a detail may be stationed at the designated place to receive such deserters or a guard sent there to receive and return them.

UNIFORM FOR HOME GUARDS

Home Guards may not, without authority therefore from the Secretary of War, wear any uniform which bears a prohibited similarity to the uniform of the United States, but the Secretary of War has power to grant such authority on condition that the uniform bear some mark of insignia distinguishing it from the uniform prescribed for the United States Army.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Members of well-recognized religious sects whose creed of principles forbid the participation in war are exempted only from combatant service, not from noncombatant military service. Service with the American Red Cross or manual labor performed upon farms or gardens operated for the benefit of the Army on land leased or occupied for military purposes is not military service, and can not be designated by the President as noncombatant military service, assignment to which will relieve conscientious objectors from military service.

REPATRIATION

American citizens who have heretofore enlisted in armies of powers at war with any country with which the United States is at war may have their American citizenship restored under the act of October 5, 1917.

Citizenship is not necessary for enlistment in the United States Army in time of war.

STATUS OF HOME GUARDS

During the present war a State may lawfully raise and maintain troops which resemble in all or almost all respects the well-known militia of the several States as it hitherto existed, for service within its own boundaries exclusively. These forces are capable of being called by the Nation into the service of the United States for the usual constitutional purposes, and the members as individuals can be drafted by the Federal Government, but are not subject to draft under Paragraph 2 of Section 1 of the National Defense Act as members of the National Guard.

RESERVE OFFICERS IN UNIFORMS

A reserve officer not called into active duty is not authorized to wear the uniform of the United States Army.